

THE POOR LAST NIGHT.

PICTURES OF SUFFERING IN THIS CHRISTIAN CITY.

Women and Children Cold and Hungry—The Crisis of Starving and Freezing People—A Plan for Relief and an Appeal to the Public—What the Reporters Say Last night.

register, "Gentlemen I don't come to you to-day as usually do. I don't ask you to buy anything from me, I ask you in the name of God to give me some money to help me buy something to eat and something to burn. There is not a stick of wood nor a bit of coal in my house and my little children are there hungry and cold."

A small amount was made up for him.

A woman who lives near the East Tennessee shops got an order from a councilman for some garments yesterday and called at Mayor Goodwin's office to get an order for some coal. After talking to her for a short time, Mayor Goodwin said:

"What is your ward and street?"

The woman hesitated and finally answered: "To tell the truth, sir, I live outside the city limits but I was freezing and I had to get the things way."

With a last supreme effort and flung himself to the neck. Then he raised his spirit found the light of a failing day.

The weather grew steadily colder. The thermometer fell to 16° and promised to go even lower. Without much wind there was dead coldness in the air. The very atmosphere seemed to have the power to bite and pinch. There was ice on every breath, and on the exposed hills of the city where the wind had played the night was almost intolerable.

Apprehending that there was need of immediate action, if terrible suffering and even loss of life was to be prevented, the Constitution reporters were sent to make personal examination of the situation in such houses as they could find last night and report the result.

These are presented below. Nothing can be more pitiful than the story they tell. Nothing can add to the pathos of their appeals. There is not a man in Atlanta whose hand should not seek his pocket, to divide what he has with these wretched and suffering people. It is the cry of women and children in suffering that is heard in these columns this morning. Can any man or woman resist this?

The Means of Relief.

It was necessary last night to organize rapidly and provide such machinery as would receive the money, convert it quickly into supplies of food and fuel, and see to its immediate distribution. We therefore arranged the following points hurriedly, but definitely:

1st. The CONSTITUTION office will be kept open until 12 o'clock to-day, and Mr. Kimball or the committee will be there to receive donations of money or supplies of food, fuel or covering.

2nd. An editor of THE CONSTITUTION called on Mr. H. L. Kimball and asked if he would devote the day to organizing for the distribution of such supplies as may come in, and the purchase of such things as are needed at once.

"I am a southerner," he said.

"In quiet circles, I believe it is being seriously thought of, and I should favor it. The issue on which he was elected was vastly outgrown the place to which he was elected. It has set the pace for the presidential campaign. No matter what leader we select, we shall be fought by the enemy and judged by the people on the issues involved in Carlisle's election. There is but one honorable, and, in my opinion, but one safe, course to pursue."

"It is to promote our leader as his cause is promoted—send him to the front on the platform of our making, and appeal to the country boldy and frankly—I believe I would win."

THE PUBLIC LANDS COMMITTEE.

Representative Cobb, chairman of the house committee on public lands, has made the following assignments of subcommittees: Homesteads, Mr. John C. Cobb; Payson, Mr. John C. Anderson; Desert, swamp and overvalued lands—Messrs. Oates, Balford and Payson. Land grants, Mr. Anderson; Survey, Mr. John C. Cobb; Forestry, Mr. John C. Cobb; Reservation lands, Mr. John C. Cobb; Reservation mineral lands, Messrs. Hoxley, Steele and Balford; Reservation water power, Mr. John C. Cobb; Balford. Claims of states to not proceeds of sales of public lands—Messrs. Shaw, Van Eaton and Stultz.

THE GEORGIA JUDGESHIP.

Judge Twiss arrived to-day and called on the president. He is hopeful of the appointment of Erskine's successor. J. C. Hayes and John C. Farrell of Savannah are edited to be the most likely candidates. It is thought that Hayes has excellent chances. Farrow, however, claims to be in the lead of the others. Speer is putting in what he can for Hayes, and the appointment will be made sometime this month.

THE GEORGIA POSTOFFICES.

Representative Cobb, chairman of the Post Office Committee, has made the following assignments of subcommittees: Georgia, to-day and New England, Dr. Amos Fox, Mr. W. H. Kimball, Dr. Wm. King, Jr., is the advisory committee. These gentlemen have so often and so consistently engaged in works of a similar kind, when the necessity was not so pressing, that they will undoubtedly give the morning to the work. They are acquainted with the suffering poor, and know how to find them.

4th. The coal and wood men have agreed to have their teams ready for service to day and to sell coal for this use, at cost and freight. It may be felt certain that within one hour after the money has been left the hands of the donors this morning it will be on its way, in the shape of fuel or food, to some cold and destitute home.

5th. Those who have money can send it, or can send orders on their coal dealer for so much wood or coal as they are willing to give, or they can send food, as they do, or whatever they think will be useful.

This is the plan. There is no time to lose. Let those who can give promptly, for as certain as these lines are written there is deep and widespread suffering in this city this morning that will be aggravated by another day of cold and hunger. Send promptly whatever you can send and send all that you feel willing to give.

A talk with Mayor Goodwin.

Mayor Goodwin said last night, in speaking of the scheme:

"I am most heartily in favor of the movement. The city is unable to meet the demands of the poor, and the funds we have come to the rescue of. There is a meeting in this city to-night for two hundred and fifty people who have practically no friends, and five hundred, at least, who are sending over the most scanty supply. A day or two thousand people in the city will be suffering to a degree that you would not think possible."

"What will you do when it is gone?"

"Nothing. A lady sent us in some things to day, but we've eaten it all. I don't know what we will do to-morrow."

It was about 10 o'clock when the reporter left the house. "God bless you, sir," Mrs. Mulligan said as he left. As he turned, the little children's faces were peering out of a broken window.

Mrs. SMITH, 143 NORTH AVENUE.—The reporter found Mrs. Smith in bed at 11 o'clock. She is over 70 years old, and is a matress maker. She has good character, and says she wants nothing but work. She said:

"I have been sick five or six weeks. When I am well never work. I only want work. All the ladies know this. But I'm very sick now."

"Are you suffering?"

"Suffering," said Mrs. Smith's daughter, who looked from behind the door. "Don't ask us what—look around this room and see."

"Have you any wood?"

"Yes, a good lady sent me some to-day. There it's a pile of sticks six sticks of wood lay next to the fire-place. She sent me some food, too. It is enough for to-morrow. After that I don't know what we'll do. The Lord will provide, I believe."

Mrs. Smith will either be cold all night or will be out of wood when this article is read. Herald, who had a cause that has eaten out his eye, and is causing the other. As he leaned forward to the fire the blood dripped to the floor. His wife is in the next room. He is alone with his boys. He does the cooking and patiently tries to care for them. He cannot work, and is perfectly destitute. He told the reporter they were going to take his boys away from him. "I don't feel like I could give 'em up, but I suppose I'll have to."

Mr. ASHLEY, AT JAMES PLACE.—The reporter found Mr. Ashley with his three little boys. He has a cause that has eaten out his eye, and is causing the other. As he leaned forward to the fire the blood dripped to the floor. His wife is in the next room. He is alone with his boys. He does the cooking and patiently tries to care for them. He cannot work, and is perfectly destitute. He told the reporter they were going to take his boys away from him. "I don't feel like I could give 'em up, but I suppose I'll have to."

Mr. ASHLEY is entirely out of fuel and had no but a handful of meal. He will suffer terribly to-day unless he has help.

Mrs. HAYS, AT THE BARRACKS.—The reporter found her without any fuel at all. She has no support except her little daughter, who gets a day's work now and then in the match factory, and who walks to and from her work. She said:

"I have had some food sent me to-day. I have no fire. I am very cold."

Mrs. HUGHES, ON GARDEN STREET.—The reporter found her very sick, with droopy, and without fire. It was bitterly cold and the room was dark. She has no support except her little daughter, who works all day. She was suffering from cold and hunger as was her daughter.

Yesterdays John Pugh, the old blind man, entered the business interests of the country when the democracy talk of the railroads and the tariff rates. Steel rails are \$20 to \$25 per ton. This comes down, caused by the stimulus of the iron tariff tax. It's a drunken dog's life that can stop and the men of the union demand the iron in over-production. We repeat before said: Protection is another drunk. It demoralizes labor, as follows:

A national defense.

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WALLACE'S REPLY.

HE PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO THE RAILROAD PRESIDENTS.

The Criticisms of President Raoul, of the Georgia General, Taken into Consideration by the Railroad Commission—A Letter Full of Good Sense and Point.

A CONSTITUTION reporter called at the office of the railroad commission yesterday, and found Major Campbell Wallace engaged in looking over a number of documents of a business-like appearance.

"Major," said the newspaper man, "have you seen Mr. Raoul's letter to THE CONSTITUTION for this and for free expression of his views, the major?"

"I have read Mr. Raoul's letter," was the reply, "and what I have to say in response will be in the sweat of the brow, and in the kindest spirit I can. I am capable of extorting, for I have a very high opinion of Mr. Raoul, both as a gentleman and as a railroad official."

"What do you think of his position as to the fertilizer rates in use, and those adopted by the commission?"

"I shall not burden you with any additional statements concerning this matter, but will simply remark that I might show damaging discriminations in the rates used by the Central before the establishment of the commission. This I have no desire to do at this time."

"The point is made, major, that the commission does not give the roads an opportunity to be heard upon important matters affecting their interests."

"Yes, sir. Judging from Mr. Raoul's letter this seems to be the case. I do not perceive that the law completes any notice, except that the publication of the law in one newspaper, in each of the seven cities of the state, specified in the law. The law does not give the roads an opportunity to be heard upon the ten or thirty days, or any number of days. Whenever complaints, or charges, or any other matter came before the commission between particular interests, the roads were always given notice, and brought the parties face to face, and have endeavored to bring about a reconciliation, and to bring about a settlement of the part of the commission. The law makes it the duty of the commission to make all the rates, and, whenever, in their judgment, they do not consider any particular rate to be just, they have the power to make them so. And when the commission had all the information in their possession from the roads, reported, etc., to the railroads, they have never hesitated to discharge that duty. For instance, in the case now exemplified, in the fall of 1881, we were aware, among other things, that the railroads were the furnishers in producing cotton, and who bore the burden of payment, was not getting within ten dollars a bushel, and the railroads were getting only twenty cents a bushel, and so forth. This, however, was done out of the spirit of reduction first given, major."

"The law was published according to law on the 1st of December, and not on the 1st, as you would be led to infer from Mr. Raoul's letter, and the reduction was not to take effect until the first day of January. This is the reason, major, that the commission had not received any of the rate from Mr. Raoul, and received this office on the 21st of December."

"Mr. Raoul suggests that the farmer does not get the benefit of the reduction in fertilizer rates,"

"Well," said Major Wallace, "the information furnished by the railroad commission, through your column, a few days since, does not sustain Mr. Raoul in his assertion that the railroads get the benefit resulting therefrom."

"Regarding to Mr. Raoul's letter, his suggestion to give the railroads the notice of contemplated changes. He says, 'this is however, the law, as it stands, and as it stands, it will not give me any complaint.' In answer to this, I have for myself to say, and I am sure that the other members of the commission will agree with me, that we have never, and never will, made any complaint on this ground. The law certainly does not prohibit the commission from giving the notices desired, and therefore, of course, in consequence, Mr. Raoul and all other railroad officials controlling the railroads of Georgia, if possible to do so, have remained silent, and, I hope, will remain so, so that in the future, they shall be patient, and, without prejudice."

"Major, I am thinking that, with the intended reduction, the commission's conclusions are formed, and the railroads would be at a disadvantage if they appeared before you to discuss the matter."

"In this Mr. Raoul is greatly in error," was the answer. "Major, I am not here to protest, but to inform you that they were in error. The commission does not claim infallibility, and why should they feel the least bit embarrassed, when they have been unprecedented—we might say *marvelous*. Now it is regarded without a Southern rival and is read by a greater number than all similar publications combined could have rightfully claimed. It goes to every nook and corner of the South, and as far as the eye can see, and that is the best part. This is true, proprietors of the *Intensive System* of agriculture, and it is to accomplish, to the fullest extent, its important mission, and THE CONSTITUTION wishes them every success in the accomplishment of their laudable purpose."

CHURCH SERVICES.

MONDAY.

Trinity Church—Rev. Thos. R. Kendall, pastor. Morning and evening service commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of American Methodism.

Wednesday.

First Methodist church, junction of Peachtree and Pryor streets. Class-meeting 9:30 a.m., communion service 11 a.m., Sabbath-school 12:30 p.m., and service 7 p.m.

Friday.

First Presbyterian church, Peachtree and Pryor streets. Class-meeting 7 p.m., prayer meeting 8 p.m.

Saturday.

First Methodist church, Peachtree and Pryor streets. Class-meeting 7 p.m., prayer meeting 8 p.m.

Sunday.

First Presbyterian church, Peachtree and Pryor streets. Class-meeting 7 p.m., prayer meeting 8 p.m.

MONDAY.

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MONDAY.

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TUESDAY.

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THE CONSTITUTION.

PUBLISHED DAILY AND WEEKLY.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

THE DAILY CONSTITUTION is published every day, except Monday, and is delivered by carriers in the city, or mailed postage free at \$1 per month, \$1.50 for three months, or \$10 a year.

THE CONSTITUTION is for sale on all trains standing out of Atlanta, and at news stands in the principal southern cities.

ADVERTISING RATES depend on location in the paper, and will be furnished on application.

CORRESPONDENCE containing important news solicited from all parts of the country.

ADDRESS all letters and telegrams, and make all drafts or checks payable to

THE CONSTITUTION,

Atlanta, Georgia.

ATLANTA, GA., JANUARY 6, 1884.

HELP FOR THE POOR.

It is difficult to conceive how any man or woman who reads the story of suffering in another column of *The Constitution* this morning, can refuse to heed the appeal that follows it.

No man who saw what we saw last night could refuse. Little children shivering with dead cold and crying for bread—helpless women with pinched faces and blue lips, and praying to God for help—huts no closer than your stables, with the wind whistling through a hundred cracks and not a spark of fire or a bit of fuel in the house—human beings bundled in scanty rags like brutes—men and women, sick or blind, or worn down with hunger and grief huddled about on bare floors, suffering dumbly and in despair. These are the pictures just as they stand—not one whit overdrawn, and but hints of scores of others.

It may be that some of these are unworthy, and others worthless. It may be that this woman has a husband, or that old mother a son, or those little children a father that ought to support them. All this may be. But what of it? Here is suffering. Here is hunger and cold. Here is the childish cry of pain and wonder, torn from little frames unconscious of all else but pain. Here are prayers from mothers or wives that are deserted or neglected by no fault of their own.

You feel the bitter cold yourself. Even in your well-built house, with furnace and roaring fire, it is almost impossible to keep your well-clothed children warm. You can understand how it is, in huts of planks loosely joined, in which there is no fire, windows in which there is no glass, doors that cannot be closed, and children with the scantiest clothing. Does not this comparison suggest your duty?

Now, this help is needed at once! There is no time for delay. What is done must be done this morning. There are hundreds of women and children in this city that through every hour of last night's bitter cold, prayed for morning and hoped that God might send some help with the blessed light of day. The longer you wait the longer these people will suffer.

This is a duty that comes home to every man and woman. It is a cry that can be shut out of no ear. If all heed it who ought, fifty wagons will be traversing the streets of this city in two hours from the time you read this appeal, and by the time night has come again, fires will be roaring and sparkling in a hundred homes that are dark and cheerless as we write.

Let us get at it with a will, and with Atlanta's accustomed dash and energy. Let us warm up the whole town. Let us kindle every hearthstone everywhere and know that every man, woman and child in Atlanta is warm and comfortable to night, no matter how cold it may get or how the wind may blow. Let us do the thing, this once, in Atlanta's grand old way. Let us make this a Sunday worth talking about. If we don't, it will make itself a Sunday worth blushing about!

Send what you can, or bring it, to *The Constitution* office at the earliest moment. If you can give much it is well; if you can't and give little, it is all the better! But give something and give quickly!

GENERAL GORDON AND HIS ACCUSERS

The Macon Telegraph in its issue of yesterday makes the following reply to the protest of *The Constitution* against its editorial on General Gordon:

The *Constitution* may dismiss the idea that "we are about to run a rehash of slanders against good and true Georgians," living or dead, especially to far as this journal is concerned. We have not always been able to agree with General Gordon, and we have often publicly made our disapprovals known. But we have made no imputations against him personally, and we believe he has been greatly honored by the people of this state and country.

Feeling this ourselves, we believe we do no wrong to any person when we note the charges made by others, and comment upon them, as we do in our editorial on the same.

We reprint the above with pleasure. The *Constitution* owes nothing more to General Gordon than every Georgian owes to a man who has served our people bravely and loyally. On the battlefield, on the hustings, in the councils of the nation, everywhere and under all circumstances General Gordon has been true to Georgia. He has poured out his willing blood in her defense and every ambition of his heart has been for her glory. He entered the senate a poor man and he left it poorer than when he entered it.

In the face of these facts, we feel it our duty to protest against the cruel and monstrous attempt to fix him with the shame of having sold his senatorial influence for money and to make issue with those who accuse him

His life is part of Georgia's history and his illustrious service illumines many a page. We defend it, as we would defend that of any of the great men living or dead, who have given their lives to Georgia. He needs little defense, as he reasonably provokes no assault. He is out of public life, and is engaged in useful business enterprise. Our people will remember with gratitude that in war he earned the title of the "right hand of Lee," that in peace he was called to the highest office our people can bestow, and honorably met its requirements—that he left the senate poorer than he entered it, when many northern senators had enriched themselves by shorter service, and that his first work, when he retired from public life, was to give to Georgia the great railroad that she needed above all others.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

A bachelor member of *The Constitution* staff, who has journalism by instinct as well as inheritance, astonishes us with some startling statistics this morning. We use the phrase "astonishes us" advisedly. For this bachelor is so young and so lately from his university, that we thought him yet entrapped in the romance of life and yet intent on its pleasant generalities. We find him, however, not only definite, however—but specific—not only specific but statistical. And such statistics to a young man yet guilts of his first cutaway coat.

He shows, to begin with, that there are 58,930 babies born in Georgia annually. This is an exceedingly gratifying record. Reduced to its last analysis, it shows that 1613 young Georgians are stranded on the near beach of the eternal sea every day, including Sundays. This gives us about 7 every hour, night and day, the year through. One, at least, will be born while we are writing this article, and another while you are reading it. Nothing stops the Georgia baby. There may be panics, or wars, or stagnation—but he keeps a coming. He is the one immigrant that may be counted on. And a right good immigrant, too! He brings little with him in the way of baggage, but he brings a stout heart, a good name, and an aim in which the infant sinews will grow strong as brass," under the inspiration of ten generations of brave and heroic ancestors. He is part of the old red hills over which his toddling feet will carry him, and holds him ship with the air that flames in his cheeks and eyes, and though a stranger in a strange land, early locks his little hand in the hands of those who love him. Poor as he is in equipment or effects, helpless though he is as the babe that was cradled in a manger while the stars rained fire, little as he brings with him from the unknown world from which he comes, the Georgia baby is after all the immigrant on whom our great state most depends. His prattle is the shrillnote of her future. His dimpled arm is her mainstay and her strength. In his laughing eyes is her storm and her sunshine for the years that are to come.

On the other hand, or rather at the other end, our statistician shows that, while Georgia is second among the states in point of fecundity (the wild, untutored state of Texas leading, and the cultured commonwealth of Massachusetts taking the lowest place), she holds the first place in longevity. The unexpected fact is developed that there are more centenarians, that is, people over ninety years of age—in Georgia than in any state in the union. This surplus of centenarians is not accidental, for in three or four classes of old people the same proportion continues. New York, with several times the population of Georgia, has only about half as many people who have turned a hundred years. This need not astonish those who know of the equable climate, the pure air, the high, dry, and wind swept uplands of Georgia. There is no country in the world so favorable to longevity, to health and happiness, as our own state. The figures of the census give irrefutable proof that there is no state in the union so healthy.

RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION.

The total length of new roads built in 1883 was, in round numbers, 6,300 miles or just about one-half of the previous year's mileage. Only four previous years exceeded 1883, however, in the number of miles of track laid down. It was in some respects a very important year in railroad construction. The Southern Pacific route was opened, and a line was constructed to meet the new Mexican railroads at El Paso. The Northern Pacific was also opened, giving the country three great trans-continental lines, instead of one. The completion of the Atlantic and Pacific to the Colorado river gives a fourth line, in connection with other lines. In the states a rival and parallel route to Vanderbilt's New York Central line was completed, and the Pennsylvania is extending its line wherever its old business is threatened by the plans of Vanderbilt and Gowen. No great lines were built during the year in the northwest, but many gaps were filled, and in Michigan and Wisconsin there were considerable extensions towards the new pine districts. In the northwest and out on the plains there was a marked decrease. In the southwest the Kansas City, Springfield and Memphis road was completed by the laying of 187 miles of track. In Texas only 83 miles, all told, were built in 1883, against 1,081 miles in 1882, and 1,669 miles in 1881. Comparatively little work was done in Colorado during the year.

In Georgia the Brunswick and Western built a branch in Albany two miles long, and 16 miles of track were laid on the Gainesville, Jefferson and Southern. The Marietta and North Georgia was extended 20 miles to Marble Cliff, leaving 26 miles to be graded to complete the roadbed to Murphy, North Carolina. The Savannah, Florida and Western laid down 10 miles between Bainbridge junction and a point on the Chattachoochee river, where it meets the Louisville and Nashville lines. This makes a total of construction in this state during the year of 75 miles, as against 334 miles in 1882, 101 miles in 1881, 75 miles in 1880, and 265 miles in 1871.

The decrease in the construction was not so marked in the other states of the southeast as it was in Georgia. 193 miles were built in Florida, 128 in Alabama, 269 in Mississippi, and 197 in Louisiana. It was an "off" year in Georgia, Tennessee, and the Carolinas. The chief work in this section was done upon the Mississippi Valley road, from New Orleans to Memphis. This is thought to have been 29,000 Georgians while we have only 1,500 Mississippians. Our statistics assure us, however, that Georgia is largely made up of Georgians. That we have increased our own population with gratifying rapidity, and sent thousands upon thousands of brave-hearted Georgians to build up other states and other people.

For all these suggestions and for many more that may not be epitomized here, the reader is referred to the admirable statistical study which we print elsewhere.

THE COMMISSION AND THE RAILROADS.

We print elsewhere the report of an interview with Major Campbell Wallace, of the commission, in which he takes occasion to reply to the statements and complaints made in the recently published letter of President Raoul, of the Central railroad. Major Wallace speaks for the commission, and we commend his views to the attention of the railroad managers. The tone and spirit of his remarks, as well as the remarks themselves, corroborate the statement which *The Constitution* has made time and again—namely, that the commission, while seeing that justice is done to the people in all the details of railroad management, is also willing and anxious to see complete justice done to the railroads. This is the policy of the state, and it is the policy of the men who compose the commission.

QUEEN VICTORIA is the only royal lady in Europe who does not patronize Worth. This famous milliner finds his Parisian orders only a small share of his custom. He sends dresses in hermetically sealed cans to remote places, like Peru, Archangel and the cape of Good Hope. This season Worth has surprised himself in the matter of young girls' ball dresses. One of his favorite ideas is the simple use of fashionable tulles for these costumes. Ma-

ture beauties favor every shade of lace for evening dresses and copper color holds its own for visiting gowns. The Grand Duchess Vladimire has just received from Worth a velvet dress of Persian blue, of which the skirt is draped and fringed with silver. The demitasse is bordered on the edge with silver, from which falls a rich trimming of maline lace. The corsage has a Marie Antoinette bunch of maline lace. Worth, however, now has a strong rival in the Maries. This establishment is turning out charming dresses.

Once the editors of the *Commercial Gazette* were as pure as the beautiful snow.

EDWARD MOORE, of Augusta, received on New Year's day in a cut-away collar, a Prince Albert polo-neck, and a plush skin waistcoat.

FEARS are entertained that Judge Albion Tourgee is about to become a political dude.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS has the smallest pony in the world.

London critics have dubbed Lotta, "the dramatic cocktail of America."

MRS. ROBERT L. STUART has given \$150,000 to the department of philosophy, Princeton College.

A POLITICAL opponent says of Governor William E. Cameron, of Virginia, that he never fails to make a friend of every man he meets in a social way.

It is said that Tennyson is a shrewd financier, who jumps quickly at a paying investment and holds out to the last for his pound of flesh. He is worth \$100,000 to \$1,500,000.

R. J. BURDETT is 49. Peter Hart is 45, Mark Twain is 48, W. H. Dowdell is 45, Thomas Bailey Aldrich is 45, Joaquin Miller is 42, James Russell Lowell is 64, John G. Saxe is 65.

MR. EDWARD S. STOKES, who killed Jim Fisk, is a kind-hearted killer. He got on board a New York steamer the day before yesterday to keep practically the whole force on duty, and the services required of them under the circumstances such as taxed their endurance to the fullest extent. In addition to the burning of the steamer, he was responsible for the burning of the building of the *Advertiser* on Randolph street, the fine private stable of Marshal Field, on Prairie avenue, was burned to the ground, \$22,000. At 4 o'clock in the morning a fire was discovered in Bourne Flat, on Michigan avenue, one of the most imposing residence structures in the south division of the city, and the flames spread with rapidity which caused a number of families to seek the street in their night clothes. Owing to the trouble experienced in working the engines, on account of the fire, the engine was partially burned and flooded the fire, but the engine was soon put into service again.

JOCKEY, the well-known orang-outang, was imported in 1881 by an animal dealer, who gave \$2,000 for him. He was over four feet in height and weighed 115 pounds.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON, of Massachusetts, will follow the example of his predecessor and reside at a hotel in Boston during his term of office. He chooses the old fashioned Tremont. Governor Butler has been at the Revere.

THOMAS NAST, the Boston Transcript, who is mislead—but not hampered—in Harper's Weekly, sends his sketches to the Harpers every week, and they are popularly liked by Mr. Chris, while the Harpers pay him under contract \$10,000 a year for life.

THE CRY FOR RELIEF.

The severe weather caused a great many needy people and professional tramps to besiege the relief agencies and the police stations. Several train loaded with live stock are still now bound down or 12 miles from the stock yard or 10 or 12 miles from the stock yard and others were partially frozen, and had to be killed. Hogs suffered less than the cattle. Cows laid down in the snow, and were killed by the signal office.

THE southern confederacy knows what is good for it will clink down out of the saddle before Colonel McCullagh gets really angry. The colonel is known far and wide as the old Harry of the west.

THE recent decision of Judge Kreckel in the case of Frank James is to the effect that Uncle Sam can't get the defendant until Missouri is through with him. The decision takes the position that the state by allowing half does not relinquish its hold on the prisoner, and the tribunal first obtaining jurisdiction of the subject matter in controversy will hold it. In order to head off the Minnesota authorities who are after James, the judge placed the defendant under bond to appear before the United States court whenever summoned, after the Missouri case got through with him. The court also held that the bondsmen, where a prisoner was taken from them and transferred to another state, would not be held responsible for failing to produce their charge, because an act of law took him away from them.

IF the southern confederacy knows what is good for it will clink down out of the saddle before Colonel McCullagh gets really angry. The colonel is known far and wide as the old Harry of the west.

THE most confused woman in America is Mrs. James, Countess of Balfour. She wrote to James, Countess of Balfour, two years ago, he was married to the same and was reported killed. She doubted the report, and spent her entire fortune of \$100,000 searching for him. Finally she gave him up: being still young and pretty she had lost her beauty. Cows laid down in the snow, and were killed by the signal office.

BIRMINGHAM, DAK., January 5.—The coldest weather known in ten years prevails here Thursday night. The mercury descended to thirty-nine degrees below zero, last night to thirty-three degrees below, the signal office thermometer. The weather calmed.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, January 5.—The thermometer fell to 20° below zero this morning. It is the coldest weather since 1877.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, January 5.—At 4 o'clock last night the thermometer dropped to forty degrees below zero, the coldest weather in twenty-five years. At Lincoln, Nebraska, at 2 p.m., nineteen below zero. At Quincy, Illinois, at 20° below zero. At Cedar Rapids, 12 p.m., 22° below. None of the towns in the above list reported a degree above this morning. It is the coldest weather here since 1877.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, January 5.—The weather is the coldest reported in years. The thermometer has almost made Atlanta what she is, and it is to be expected that she will be in the lead in breaking the record. The daily or weekly average is 34° below zero. The men sent to dig out the trains were offered 50 cents an hour, and were obliged to return to the city early from the cold.

THE Best Newspaper.

From the Warrington Clipper.

The Constitution is unquestionably the best newspaper in the state. It has more information directly concerning home interests and home affairs and is the vehicle for more general news than any other paper in the state. The daily or weekly average is 34° below zero. The men sent to dig out the trains were offered 50 cents an hour, and were obliged to return to the city early from the cold.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., January 5.—The weather is the coldest above ground since 1877. The mercury fell to 20° below zero this morning. It is the coldest weather known in ten years. The signal office thermometer, as well as the one at the post office, was 30° below zero. The men sent to dig out the trains were offered 50 cents an hour, and were obliged to return to the city early from the cold.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, January 5.—The weather is the coldest reported in years. The signal office thermometer, as well as the one at the post office, was 30° below zero. The men sent to dig out the trains were offered 50 cents an hour, and were obliged to return to the city early from the cold.

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CINCINN

THE MERCURY RUN DOWN
BELLOW ZERO.

Sons of Revolution - From Fire-Special Troubles in Chicago, St. Louis, and Other Cities North and South - One Hundred Miles Killed.

January 5.—The thermometer at five morning dropped to twenty-seven degrees, which, taken with the cold record, makes it the severest showing in the weather known here in many years. The thermometer was still twenty-four below, and at the same hour, Kansas twenty-four degrees below, St. Paul thirty-four, Dubuque thirty-two, twenty-four, and Keokuk twenty-five. The effect in this city has been to partially ordinary course of business. A number of men have been compelled to leave their trucks, and those teamsmen and drivers and conductors who are out having to suffer greatly. Fire alarms have been numerous than usual, and last night was one of terror to the members of the city. Three fires after midnight served to recall the whole force on duty, and were required of them under the circumstances as taxed their endurance to the utmost. In addition to the burning of buildings on Randolph street, the private stable of Marshal Prairie avenue, was burned out. At 1 o'clock in the morning a fire was in Bourne Flat, on Michigan avenue, most imposing residence structures in division of the city, and the flames spread wide which caused a number of families to sleep in their night clothes. Owing to the intense cold, the building was soon filled and flooded inside. No lives were lost, but the burning buildings were a great source of alarm to the people.

A sailor and demure looking bachelor of some fifty summers, and probably one winter, for his disposition had evidently partaken more of the winter severity of the colder months than the sweets of a summer, entered the car about the same time, sought the most remote corner, crossed his legs, and was soon lost, or apparently so, in the perusal of his morning paper. A short distance further on a young mother boarded the car, leading by the hand a little toddler, and with a smile and bow of recognition at her bachelor neighbor, placed the young urchin snugly close to him, and seating herself, entered into a most animated conversation with her bachelor friend. He had deposited the lady's second, with a change of color, for every half second of duration of the act, and again finding his corner into immediate convolution under the steady flow of words from his talkative lady friend.

The experienced statistician was deeply interested in the calculation of Georgia's "population by age, sex and nativity," the first item of which was the record of the annual birth of the state, the full compilation of which, with those of other topics and states, was before him in a volume almost quite as large as the baby across the way.

It was striking, in fact so surprising, that the question was put to the happy mother, more to distract her attention from the highly colored bachelor, whose embarrassment was almost at its height, as to "what do you suppose is the annual number of births in Georgia?" She smiled and with a kiss to her little one replied, "Oh, I suppose it is from three to five thousand, but so sweet as mine," and with a characteristic burst of baby gibber turned her attention to the young one, who by a sudden stop of the car had been thrown violently into the lap of the almost frantic bachelor.

"And you," said the scribe, plying the same question to the nervous gentleman. "What do you think is the annual addition to Georgia's population in births?"

"About a half million I guess," was his first and cautious reply, "but why it seems to me so, and I had to be told off, I can't say." The question had been raised by the intense cold.

NOCGA, January 5.—The temperature fell above this morning. It is the coldest ten years prevails here Thursday night. Yesterday descended to thirty-nine degrees, but last night to thirty-three degrees below equal office thermometer. The weather

yesterday, Ohio, January 5.—The thermometer stuck this morning at twenty-seven degrees, which is the lowest point it has touched this year.

AND, Ohio, January 5.—The weather is bad, and the snow is deep. The temperature has as low as fourteen degrees below zero.

There is a heavy sky and the air is full

of snow.

NOCGA, January 5.—The temperature fell above this morning. It is the coldest ten years prevails here Thursday night.

Yesterday descended to thirty-nine degrees, but last night to thirty-three degrees below equal office thermometer. The weather

yesterday, Dak, January 5.—Yesterday the thermometer recorded twenty-four below zero, the coldest weather in twenty years. The temperature at 12 m. was 15° below. Quincy, Illinois, 11° p. m. twenty below, the coldest

since 1850. At Cedar Rapids, 12 p. m., 15° below, the temperature of the town in the snow was 12° below zero, with a strong wind from the northwest. No trains were between Jameson and Northern road to Dak Tuesday.

FIRE AND ICE IN ST. LOUIS.

A fire about ten o'clock last

broke out in the old St. Nicholas hotel on Fourth street, which resulted in its destruction, the walls alone remaining. The

was mainly occupied by Charles E. Lewis, undertaker's goods, and C. O. Baxley, a tea and coffee house. The loss is \$1,000 and insured for \$600. The loss

of the personal effects but the property was destroyed.

The loss is \$1,000 and insured for \$600.

BANK
OF THE
STATE OF GEORGIA,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.
CASH CAPITAL \$100,000.00
SARVINGS & UND. \$100,000.00
STOCKS & BONDS (with unencumbered property worth over a million dollars) Individually
Bind.

JOHN H. JAMES, Banker BUYS AND SELLS BONDS and STOCKS, and pays interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum on money.

HUMPHREYS CASTLEMAN
BROKER AND DEALER IN STOCKS AND BONDS

OFFICE—
GATE CITY NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.
(Perry Street Entrance)

GEORGIA COTTON, PRODUCE

AND
STOCK EXCHANGE,
ROWLAND & CO. MANUFACTURERS,
Bakers in Cotton, Wheat, Corn, Pork, Sides,
Lard and Bacon. Also Stocks of all kinds,
and Petroleum bought and sold on margin.

NO. 9 NORTH BROAD ST.,
ATLANTA, GA.
Refer to Gate City National Bank.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE
BONDS, STOCKS AND MONEY.

CONSTITUTION OFFICE,
ATLANTA, JANUARY 5, 1884.

STATE AND CITY EXCHANGES.

ATLANTA, JANUARY 5, 1884.

PEOPLE

THE CONSTITUTION of any
ADDITIONAL
day in the year.

1884.
The opening year will be one of
the most important in our history.
Great industrial problems will be
settled!
A President, Governor, Congress,
Senators, Legislature to be elected.
No intelligent man can afford to
be without a good daily paper.

1884
you can try it for three months
IS A DAY
EVER MADE.
NSTITUTION.

TITUTION
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COPIES!

PIES
1884.

ANY EDITION
SOUTH ATLANTIC
dition of a supple-
ng, for which
A LINE,
THE WEEKLY
CONSTITUTION
PRICE
—AND—
CIRCULATION
CONSIDERED.
—
Examine our
MAIL LISTS.

THE CONDITION

STATE OF GEORGIA

ESS, DECEMBER 31, 1883.

LIABILITIES:
Capital stock.....\$100,000.00
Surplus fund.....\$50,000.00
Dividends paid.....12,265.04
Dividends profits.....65,194.38
Individual deposits.....\$28,251.19
Due banks, etc.....48,156.90
Total.....\$171,561.47
and in suit.....\$12,518.64
Total.....\$23,251.141.89
\$8,141.89
\$5,09 00-\$13,141.89

is State,
bove statement is just, and true to the best of our
F. M. COKER, President
F. M. COKER, Jr., Cashier
1884.
Notary Public, Fulton County, Georgia.

R & SON,
NDAR GUANOS,
RE, MD.

GENERAL AGENT,
Atlanta, Georgia.

and most highly concentrated materials,
agents of the late firm of RAMSPECK & GREEN
Brands mentioned in their letter below, and we
our own deservedly popular Fertilizers known as
HOSPHATE.

ON COTTON GROWER,
SELDNER'S COTTON FOOD GUANO.

our success will be made known. We
C. GRANGER, General Agent.
and Bone Pineapple and Sunn Guano; we
our goods under the brands of "Sunn South
the Pasphate," and as our patrons all know,
ative right to sell their goods under our old brands,
"Sunn South Guano," and we trust
their patronage. Respectfully,
RAMSPECK & GREEN.

D'GIVE'S OPERA HOUSE.

Pitchford's Art Store.
The attractions at the opera house during the past week have been of an excellent character, while the patronage was not as great as should have been. Open companies and musical organizations have not drawn very well in Atlanta this season. The fault was not with Buff, Thomas, Hess, Abbott, and others; the cause doubtless was with the people. It is proper, however, to say that during the Christmas and New Year's, Atlanta is not a good point for theatrical performances.

A number of good companies, perhaps some of the best in the country, have been here. Most of them are great artists, with a high-toned varied and extensive repertoire of pieces, and a strong company.

"Young Mrs. Winthrop," a comedy drama.

"The Girl from the Madison Square theater; "Hazel Kirke," by the company that has ever been on the road with it; these are the principal ones.

and a number of first-class artists. Some publishing firms of companies booked here the 12th and 13th of January have been engaged by the Board of Trade.

Lewitt's Minstrels will occupy the opera house Monday. Our exchanges we find, a good number of excellent pieces of their performances.

The audience at the opera house last night was not a large one, though the gallery had its usual number of spectators.

and we were visited Columbia this season and will occupy in part for the "fair to the world" on the 12th and 13th of January.

The opening part was the "fair to the world" singing was good. The specialties were tip top, and one great beauty with life was the "Fisherwoman and Child" by Sunn Grey, full of charm.

He was highly applauded and called back. The song of "America's Emblem," by J. W. Mew, was a great success.

Burgess and Flory were all excellent in their respective characters. Burgess has the "sheep" which earned him for his profession.

and impressed the audience with his great fullness of voice.

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PHASES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER
IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

Kate Field's General Diffusiveness—Which Wins For
Her Excellence in Nothing—Burning People
so That Graves Robbers Cannot get Their
Bodies—The Show Business.

New York, January 4.—There is not much of Kate Field physically. She is short and slender, and is not more than fair to truth to qualify her beauty among many things, she excels at none. She is something of a writer, something of a singer, something of an actress, something of a lecturer, and something of a fashion expert. Her face is not beautiful, though pleasing in that feminine delicacy, which we involuntarily don't look for in women of publicity. Kate is rather captivating to her own sex, and when she was back from England, a few years ago, with a scheme for a cooperative dry goods store, where she only had to make a talkative round in fashionable circles to sell all the stock that was requisitioned for the enterprise. The subscribers were to have ten per cent marked on their purchases of goods, and to share in the general profits. A big building was fully stocked and opened for business. There was, while the aspect of brisk traffic; and yet the evidence of genuine mercantile prosperity was peculiarly lacking. Most of the saleswomen were "ladies in reduced circumstances," somewhat uppish and, neither snubbing nor snubbed—so that the usage of delightful shopping were not in the establishment. And then the sight of Kate, standing for a solid proprietor in the doorway of the private office, but with the clothes and manners of a Paris avenue belle in her parlor on a reception day, was not calculated to impress confidence. The sheriff soon closed the store, and it is still an unsettled question whether the losses are to be assessed on the stockholders.

"Where is Miss Field now?" I asked of a mutual acquaintance.

"On a western tour, I believe," was the reply.

"The last time I saw her she was getting measured for an arm."

"Is that something new to wear?"

"It is something to put yourself into after you are done living—hold your ashes after you have been dead." Kate is an advocate of incineration in place of interment. She was ordering a handsome urn, in which to repose "mentally."

"But you said she was being measured for it."

"Do you mean that she will preserve her present shapelessness, which reduced to ashes?" "O, no; she wanted to get an arm, no larger than would be necessary. So she had made a careful calculation, based on her own weight and the data gained from cremation in the Washington crematory, as to the size of receptacle that her remains would require. She has exquisite taste in art, and was taking great pains in the making of the urn."

"With my mind thus awakened to interest in the subject, I went to President J. B. Brown, of the United States Crematory Society, for information. No small urn is likely to accommodate him. He is portly and solid. He is not enough of a visionary theorist to hinder him as a practical manager of a manufacturing company. He is the burly boss of a burly. One is the burly of grass and other food for farm stock, on the endgame plan of preservation in a green state, and the other is the non-burial of human bodies. He is eager to talk about both, and I found it difficult to keep him from discussing the diverse and yet analogous topics. I asked him how many Americans were pledged to have their bodies burned.

"About five thousand," he replied. "There is as yet only one crematory in the country, the one at Washington, Pa.; but we have had a plan drawn for another here in New York, and are raising the money to build it. Fifteen thousand dollars has been subscribed, and we will begin as soon as we get ten thousand more. The building will besides the furnace, contain a room for the incineration of persons who would otherwise be buried or burned alive; another for the keeping of bodies by refrigeration until the arrival of distant mourners who might wish to take part in funeral ceremonies, and a third in which any desired rites might be held."

Mr. Brown also told me that the principal opposition, inactive but immovable, was by Christians, and that their dislike of incineration arose from a belief in the doctrine of the resurrection. The hope of immortality, in its Christian form, seems to be inseparable from the idea of the restoration of the human body after death. I became convinced that, though orthodoxy says "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," over the bodies of the dead, those solemn words of commitment to eternal distinction convey no literal meaning to orthodox people. What I mean to assert is that cremation has thus far, among no favor worth mentioning except with those who are ready to take up anything that is now and strange. Mr. Brown's saurian and sentimental arguments were sound; but when he came to give the names of those who were active in the advocacy of practical incineration, I found that they were of infidels, spiritualists, agnostics, and almost anything other than old-fashioned Christians. Cremation has not progressed beyond the ranks of the hobby-rifters. That is the fact, wholly aside from the question of its desirability.

John Thomas was not a man to accept any innovation that would involve the physical disfigurement of the bodies of his two dead children.

He was a poor mechanic, unable to provide them with the means of living comfortably, and their death was due in part to the privations of poverty.

But their presence was not so miserable that he could not endure their inexperience.

He was grieved to the depths of his soul when he went to their graves in Greenwood cemetery, laid himself down between them and shot himself. Pathetic? Unmistakably. Talpauge thought so, and preached movingly about it. He got his facts from a newspaper, and they were all right as far as they went; but when I made inquiry for further particulars, with a view to putting them "fearfully into this letter, I learned that Thomas's case was not the routine to use as an exaltant of sympathy. He was a worthless sort, whose love for his children was of the most mendacious sort; his poverty was caused by laziness, for he could have earned good wages if he had tried; he had been habitually cruel to the little ones, and notorious in his neighborhood as a wife-beater; his suicide was the most considerate detail that anybody could recall in him; and it was really only on the supposition that it would take him to the young ones for an eternal period. I related these developments to Mr. Talpauge, "Preaching sermons on infidelity," he said, with mock severity, "is better than the destroying of their good lesson after they have been preached."

There is no sense in denying that interment is the cause of nearly all of the abject poverty in this big city. Hold whatever opinion you like as to what should be done with the liquor traffic, but do not attempt to understate the evil of drunkenness. A newspaper reporter, who is a friend of mine, was detailed to investigate New York police. His editor had read the report of a charitable society on the poor of London, and the amazement and horror which the revelation had made among English readers, and the reporter was directed to find out whether such a condition was true of any of our population. The reporter spent a whole week at the job. He searched the slums of crime and the dens of impoverished decency; he took the evidence of police detectives and missionary experts; he did his work with a thoroughness commensurate with his desire to write a thrilling article; but he only convinced himself that London's misery among the industrial poor is not in any considerable degree duplicated in New York. He found plenty of poverty among those who were able and willing to work soberly for a living, but it was almost altogether independent

AT MCBRIDE'S CHINA PALACE

HAMMERED BRASS LAMPS, ELEGANT CHINA,
GILTWARE, CROCKERY, LAMPS, MIRRORS,
CHANDELIERS, SPOONS, FORKS,
CASTORS, STANTRY, HOUSEFURNISHING
GOODS, SETH THOMAS CLOCKS, SHOW
CASES. LARGEST STOCK, FINEST
GOODS, LOWEST PRICES IN THE SOUTH.

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SAVE MONEY
BY BUYING YOUR
DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY
OF
A. F. PICKERT

No. 5 WHITEHALL ST., ATLANTA, GA.
The largest stock of fine silver-plated Ware
will be found in Whitehall street. There all
the celebrated Meriden Britannia Company's
make and guaranteed to give satisfaction for twenty
years' wear. Do not fail to see these goods before
buying. Remember the place where you
A. F. PICKERT,
No. 5 Whitehall Street.

COTTON AND WEATHER.

Orton—Midday uplands closed in Liverpool
yesterday at 5:15-16; New York at 10:45; in Atlanta
at 10.

Daily Weather Report.

ORIENNER'S OFFICE, SIGNAL CORPS U. S. A.
U. S. Custom House, January 5, 10:30 P.M.
All observations taken at the same moment of
time at each place named.

NAME OF STATION.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Wind.	Pressure.	Weather.
Atlanta	32° 57' 04"	84° 25' 25"	N. W.	60. Clear.	
Augusta	32° 57' 25"	84° 25' 25"	N. W.	61. Clear.	
Charleston	32° 40' 20"	80° 00' 00"	N. W.	60. Clear.	
Indianapolis	39° 50' 15"	85° 00' 00"	N. W.	60. Clear.	
Key West	24° 50' 00"	80° 00' 00"	N. W.	60. Cloudy.	
Montgomery	32° 45' 15"	85° 00' 00"	N. W.	60. Clear.	
New Orleans	32° 15' 29"	89° 00' 00"	N. W.	60. Clear.	
Philadelphia	39° 55' 15"	75° 00' 00"	N. W.	60. Clear.	
St. Louis	38° 55' 00"	90° 00' 00"	N. W.	60. Clear.	
Washington	38° 55' 28"	77° 00' 00"	N. W.	60. Clear.	

LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.

Central Ivy Street Hospital.

The Cherokee Philosopher's Weekly Talk to The Constitution.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.—All
creditors of the estate of Edwards Hicks, late
of Fulton County, deceased, are hereby notified
to render in their demands to the undersigned
according to law, and all persons indebted to
him are requested to make immediate payment
December 29, 1883.

J. M. McGUIRK,
Administrator.

ARTISTIC BRONZE AND GOLD MOLDINGS, PICTURE FRAMES, FINE STATIONERY AND VISITING CARDS, BRACKETS, EASELS, WALL PICTURES, PARLOR EASELS, SCREENS, PIANOS, ETC.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS (A SPECIALTY.)

AND THINGS PERTAINING TO ART.

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(Successor to Loveloy & Pittiford.)

FOR BLANK BOOKS, STATIONERY AND ALL OFFICE SUPPLIES.

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LYNCH & LESTER'S.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO ALL FINEST NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

To your wife or children is a

PIANO.

CHICKERING & SONS, or KRANICH & BACH,
Upright or Square, or R. M. RENT & CO., or
GUILD, Upright or Square.

ORGAN.

WILCOX & WHITE, SMITH AMERICAN,
or STERLING & CO. BEST IN THE WORLD.

Don't fail to secure a bargain and best in the market, cash or time, from

F. L. FREYER,

27 WHITEHALL ST.

—ILL ARP'S CHAT.

The Cherokee Philosopher's Weekly Talk to The Constitution.

A whole week of fun and frolic is just about right and ought to satisfy everybody and now that Christmas is over the new year fairly sets in let us all go to work with a will and make up for lost time and a lost crop and lost opportunities. We have put on the charge have secured gratuitous medical services in great numbers and are giving a grand point of view to the laity which is the best and most effective way to impress the public with the importance of the church.

It was a glorious week. We gathered together, eight of our children, and eight grandchildren and a lot of visiting friends whom we love and we feasted them by day and spread them out by night on beds and sofas and the parlor floor and we had music and dancing, and all sorts of plays, from the old time "Jake's a grinning" and magic music, down to pantomime and stage scenes, and all sorts of fun to please the children. The house was decked with mistletoe and cedar, and the big wide fireplaces piled high with ash wood and there was happy moving to and fro and Mrs. Arp renewed her youth at the railing. The family came out second best and won't let me have a last chance to repeat my leisure. We have called off the right arm below the elbow. Dr. White attended the sufferer and reduced the fracture.

But Christmas is over and the new year is upon us again and we are to go to work with a will and make up for lost time and a lost crop and lost opportunities. We have put on the charge have secured gratuitous medical services in great numbers and are giving a grand point of view to the laity which is the best and most effective way to impress the public with the importance of the church.

We hope therefore that Dr. Powell's article will be of great interest to all as far as we can visit the institution and learn its claims upon their sympathy and encouragement. We feel assured that the facts we have mentioned are true and that this institution would find abundant and cheerful support.

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NEW YORK TOPICS.

PHASES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

Kate Field's General Diffusiveness Which Wins For Her Excellence in Nothing—Burning People So That Grave Robbers Cannot Get Their Bodies—The Show Business, Etc.

JHN KEELY'S
DUED PRICES.

Irino Shirts and Drawers, red and white, reduced to half price to close out.

BLANKETS.

duced to about half price close out, at JOHN KEELY'S.

BED COMFORTS.

greatly reduced in price to close out, at JOHN KEELY'S.

INTER DRESS GOODS

, every piece reduced in to close out, at JOHN KEELY'S.

FLANNELS.

the entire stock of FLAN-
ELS reduced in price to close out, at JOHN KEELY'S.

CLOAKS

to be divided out freely among the people this week, at nominal prices.

JOHN KEELY'S.

OSIERY & GLOVES

Reduced to about half price close them out, at JOHN KEELY'S.

60, 62 & 64 Whitehall St.

Children's Merino Suits, Shirts and Drawers combined 50c a suit. The cheapest goods ever offered in Georgia, at JOHN KEELY'S.

HIGH'S

At New York cost, Silks, Dress Goods, Merino Underwear, Cloaks and Laces at precise cost this week. HIGH'S.

D. H. DOUGHERTY
SPOT CASE.

We have plenty of goods at low rates, but will not tax you to read an inventory of our stock.

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SPOT CASH HOUSE

Blankets, Cloaks and Underwear. No matter how cheap you find the above goods at other houses, you can buy them for less money of us.

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Drives in Table Linens.

NOW'S YOUR TIME
TO BUYWINTER SUITS,
OVERCOATS
—AND—
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I AM SELLING THEM

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And you will have plenty of cold weather to require their use.

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57 Peachtree Street,

ATLANTA.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

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Kate Field's General Diffusiveness Which Wins For Her Excellence in Nothing—Burning People So That Grave Robbers Cannot Get Their Bodies—The Show Business, Etc.

NEW YORK, January 4.—There is not much of Kate Field physically. She is short and slender, a more mentally versatile woman never lived; and it is no more than fair to truth, quality and compliment by adding that, by dividing her ability among many things, she excels at none. She is something of a singer, something of a dancer, something of an actress, something of a lecturer, and something of a fashion expert. Her face is not beautiful, though pleasing in that feminine delicacy which we usually do not look for in women of publicity. Kate is rather captivating in her own way, and when she comes here from England, two years ago, with a scheme for a cooperative dry goods store, where she only had to make a talkative round in fashionable circles to sell all the stock that was requisite for the enterprise. The subscribers were to have ten per cent added places, and no description has ever exaggerated their awfulness of degradation; but Italians are the keepers of them, and not the customers.

Let us turn to more wholesome sights. I have seen a competition between beauty and talent. It was incidental to a performance of the comic opera, "The Beggar Student." The contestants were Bertha Ricci and William Carleton. Bertha stood at one corner of the stage, in the guise of a bride, she was as little like an actress as could be imagined. Her costume was no exaggeration of that simple white in which sweet maidens robe themselves for matrimonial exercises. Her manner was equally captivating, and she was gentle and was so skillfully managed that the glare of light did not make it resemble a mask. Carleton had the opposite corner of consequence. He was neither handsome nor ugly, but simply a nonentity as to beauty. However, he did all the singing worth mentioning in the diction, which kept the two before the audience. There you have the situation. On the one hand was the vocalist, and at the other the beauty. They were so far apart that it was impossible for the same eyes to regard both at once. I watched the audience to see which gained the most attention. Carleton was singing exquisitely, with a baritone voice that had been employed acceptably in grand opera, and the music was captivating. Bertha was posing with a figure for which nature and art had done their best. You are guessing that the very young and the very old men gave their gaze to the woman, and that the women and music-loving men were attentive to the man. You are mistaken. Bertha was entirely the winner of attention. Carleton might as well have sung in an empty house, for he practically had no audience.

The proof was conclusive that we won't be diverted from the beauty of a woman by the singing of a man. Carleton had lately fought with Leslie, a comedian who by clowning diverted the attention of the audience from his vocalism, and thereby had repressed that opposition which had been the life of the scene's business. But he couldn't whip Bertha for being comely.

In the matter of personal appearance in the show business, it is a pity that the distribution of talents cannot be rearranged. It is unfortunately true that some of the girls whose abilities fit them for heroines and sentimental roles lack the faces and bodies for comedy; while I could name comedians who, though not actually good looking, are compelled to distinguish themselves on the stage in order to be noticed. Think of the torture to a deluded consciousness that, but for paint and wig, he could mask every masculine girl in the audience.

By the way, there are three famous tragedians in town—Booth, Irving and McCullough. As he goes through the streets, Booth is recognized by every body, his uncovered face in Hamlet having made his features familiar. At every step he is an object of scrutiny and remark. Irving is the recipient of comparatively little notice; and when he is identified it is by means of his portraits, and not by resemblance to his stage characters, in nearly all of which he completely hides himself to the eye. McCullough is absolutely unobserved, except by personal acquaintances. Although his face is bare in every one of his popular impersonations, he has little similarity of general aspect behind and before the foot-lights. On the stage, he seems portly, impressive, grand. Louising in the corridor of the Broadway hotel in which he has interested his studio, and the other two nobles for fashion, on the englom page of representation, is a green slate, and the other is the now familiar of human bodies. He is eager to talk about bows, and I found it difficult to keep him from mixing the diverse and yet analogous topics. I asked him how many Americans were pledged to have their bodies burned.

"About five thousand," he replied. "There is as yet only one cemetery in the country, the one at Washington, Pa.; but we have had a plan drawn for another here in New York, and are raising the money to build it. Fifteen thousand dollars has been subscribed, and we will begin as soon as we get ten thousand more. The building will be on the hill above the cemetery, in Hamlet having made his features familiar. At every step he is an object of scrutiny and remark. Irving is the recipient of comparatively little notice; and when he is identified it is by means of his portraits, and not by resemblance to his stage characters, in nearly all of which he completely hides himself to the eye. McCullough is absolutely unobserved, except by personal acquaintances. Although his face is bare in every one of his popular impersonations, he has little similarity of general aspect behind and before the foot-lights. On the stage, he seems portly, impressive, grand. Louising in the corridor of the Broadway hotel in which he has interested his studio, and the other two nobles for fashion, on the englom page of representation, is a green slate, and the other is the now familiar of human bodies. He is eager to talk about bows, and I found it difficult to keep him from mixing the diverse and yet analogous topics. I asked him how many Americans were pledged to have their bodies burned.

Mr. Brown also told me that the principal opposition, inactive but immovable, was by Christians, and that their dislike of cremation arose from a belief in the doctrine of the resurrection. The hope of immortality, in its Christian form, seems to be inseparable from the idea of the resurrection of the human body for eternity. Indeed I became convinced that, though orthodoxy is dead, it is not yet quite dead. It is not enough of a visionary theorist to hinder me, as a practical manager of a manufacturing company, to have two nobles. One is the burial of grass and other food for man, the other is the now familiar of human bodies. He is eager to talk about bows, and I found it difficult to keep him from mixing the diverse and yet analogous topics. I asked him how many Americans were pledged to have their bodies burned.

"Five thousand," he replied. "There is as yet only one cemetery in the country, the one at Washington, Pa.; but we have had a plan drawn for another here in New York, and are raising the money to build it. Fifteen thousand dollars has been subscribed, and we will begin as soon as we get ten thousand more. The building will be on the hill above the cemetery, in Hamlet having made his features familiar. At every step he is an object of scrutiny and remark. Irving is the recipient of comparatively little notice; and when he is identified it is by means of his portraits, and not by resemblance to his stage characters, in nearly all of which he completely hides himself to the eye. McCullough is absolutely unobserved, except by personal acquaintances. Although his face is bare in every one of his popular impersonations, he has little similarity of general aspect behind and before the foot-lights. On the stage, he seems portly, impressive, grand. Louising in the corridor of the Broadway hotel in which he has interested his studio, and the other two nobles for fashion, on the englom page of representation, is a green slate, and the other is the now familiar of human bodies. He is eager to talk about bows, and I found it difficult to keep him from mixing the diverse and yet analogous topics. I asked him how many Americans were pledged to have their bodies burned.

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SOCIAL GOSSIP.

THE FEATURES OF THE WEEK CHRONICLED.

Entertaining Our Company—The Movements of Our Friends Abroad—Marrying and Giving in Marriage—Topics of Interest to Our Lady Readers—Theatrical Matters, Etc.

A Graceful Act.

There are but few people in musical circles in Atlanta who are not acquainted with Mrs. J. B. Shipp, who so efficiently conducts the music in the First Methodist church. Hundreds of citizens have had the pleasure of hearing her vocalism. On New Year's the First Methodist church membership through its official board passed a resolution expressing to Mrs. Shipp their high appreciation of her services gratuitously rendered during the past year and of her efficiency, and as a slight token of their appreciation presented her with a "gift" of considerable value.

THEATER PARTIES.

The Fashionable Social Entertainments of the Season.

Theater parties seem to have become the fashionable social entertainments of the season. Last week there were no less than four very elegant parties of this description, notices of which will be found in detail below.

Mr. STEVE RYAN'S PARTY.

Friday night after the curtain had gone up at the "Opera House" at 10 o'clock, a decided rumpus was created by the entrance of a handsome party of sixteen—eight ladies and eight gentlemen.

Under the guidance of an usher the party proceeded to the front row of the family circle and were seated in full view of the audience. The ladies were all handsomely dressed and each carried in her hand a beautiful bouquet. The gentlemen were in evening dress, wearing the customary white waistcoat, white shirt, white cravat and white kids. Each gentleman wore a boutonniere at the lapel of his coat.

The party was seated in the theater party given by Mr. Stephen A. Ryan, complimentary to Miss Emma Mims and her visitors, Miss Haldeman, of Kinston, N. C., and Misses Johnson.

The party was made up as follows:

Mr. Ryan and Miss Mims.

Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman.

Mr. George Zachry and Miss Johnson.

Mr. Thad. Hammond and Miss Bill.

Mr. Martin Amorous and Miss Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Austell, clergymen.

Mr. Elgin Lorraine and Miss Rutman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Austell, clergymen.

The party was given much attention during the rendition of the opera.

When the curtain was down and the party had散去, the party returned from the boxes and took their seats again, as was in waiting. They were then driven to Saul's Palace, Royal where in a magnificent parlor a banquet, perfectly grand in its appointments, was served. The room was elaborately ornamented with a silk and gold banner bearing on one side the words "CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. STEPHEN A. RYAN".

The banner was on the other the initials of Mr. Ryan. The bills were exceedingly handsome being enclosed in elegant little booklets, half bound in gold.

Mr. Viola Rodgers' friends throughout the season will be pained to learn of her severe illness at her home in New York. Mrs. Rodger's health was not good, but she was a dear friend to many of the members of the party thereon. They will be preserved as mementos of the occasion. The party was as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Austell.

Mr. and

MRS. JOHNSON'S SUICIDE.
The Story of a Woman's Fall and her Efforts to Obtain Forgiveness.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., December 29.—The publicans and the correspondence between Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Johnson give out of the recent events and suit, reveals a most remarkable case. Mrs. Johnson was a woman of fine literary attainments, and her letters are full of pathos and utter despair. Johnson is an invalid, almost ready to drop into the grave from consumption. He received an appointment in the pension bureau and went to Greenville, Ohio, and thence to Knoxville. At Greenville, Mrs. Johnson met Major Edwin Henry, a gentleman of good social position, and over sixty years of age. He began paving Mrs. Johnson attention, which were not distasteful either to her or her husband. He soon established a strange interest over Mrs. Johnson, and she wrote many letters to the power he had to accomplish her degradation. Rumors of their intimacy reached Johnson's ears, and he had detectives to watch them. Whatever he found out or heard he wrote to Mrs. Johnson after her return home here, demanding a full confession, saying he would get all the facts anyway, and it would be better for her to tell him all. He proposed to stand by her, to protect and defend her good name; to keep the knowledge from their son, Griffith, who was with the father, and by means of his promises and demands succeeded in inducing her to write a full confession, giving places, dates, and circumstances of her guilt. This letter was written November 20, and at once was sent to the son, received in Knoxville, he came to this state and went to Richmond, where he laid the whole matter before Dr. Wakefield, the rector who had married them, and got the doctor to come to Indianapolis with him, they arriving here the night before Thanksgiving. The two came unexpectedly into Mrs. Johnson's presence, and the interview which followed was before detailed, obtained from her the deed of the home property in trust for the boy. Johnson then left the house and spent the night at the Denison hotel, only to find in the morning that the unhappy woman had killed herself, carrying into effect a threat she had made in several letters when pleading with him not to abandon her for the sake of their son.

It is known that Johnson consulted freely with his son, who is but 15 years of age, the letters of wife and mother being read by father and son jointly. Johnson also told Dr. Wakefield that he intended to use the letters in a suit for divorce. He said, in explanation of his conduct, that he had stopped at his home, it would have been a legal condonation of his wife's offense and prevent him from obtaining a divorce.

Under date of November 19, answering the demand of his husband, Mrs. Johnson says:

"Your letter is received this morning just in time to be read. The secret of my life is known, and for Griffith's sake more than anything else I waited to see if there was no alternative, not even death, but if I could not get out of it I would have been willing to endure an eternity of woe if I could have saved you and him. The reason I have implored you to let me out all the time was that I could not bear to see you in the truth. The most unbecoming part of the power possessed over me was that so long as I was in ignorance of the truth I could not have known what I should. I reproached and wondered to myself, but every effort and determination I made seemed of no avail. I was hopeless. I will tell you all the truth, and feel it to be right."

Her letters are full of her struggle to break away from the strange power exerted over her by Henry, which she first alluded to by asking her husband if there was such a thing as mesmerism. The husband replied: "Yes, my poor, lost wife, there is such a power; it is the evil eye, the power of the seducer." This letter made a specific demand for details, and Mrs. Johnson, under date of November 20, replied:

"I have tried to answer your letter fully. If I could see you I would tell you every little thing. I received your letter yesterday evening. Do you think you should have seat that I told you before I was married? I have suffered so much, I have suffered the torture of hell. I don't believe they could be worse. I should never have been guilty of my own flesh. My God! why did you force me to do this? I am a victim. Think of the past. Oh, don't care if I am a victim. I am virtuous in heart. If I had been a sinner, I did not have the power. As soon as I was free I could not be induced to return to him. I never would receive anything from him in any way. Oh, save me, dear husband, save me and help me save my soul."

Following this were other letters, in one of which she says:

"Oh, my dear husband, don't say your love for me is dead. It seems like casting me out forever. You must not, you shall not. I was not responsible for those acts, and I tell you it is not all true; I don't know what I did. I am a victim. I am not a sinner. I am not bad. I am not vicious. Think of the past. Oh, don't care if I am a victim. I am virtuous in heart. If I had been a sinner, I did not have the power. As soon as I was free I could not be induced to return to him. I never would receive anything from him in any way. Oh, save me, dear husband, save me and help me save my soul."

In a letter, under date of November 22, she says:

"You say I shall not be exposed. Have you not done all you could to expose me? You would bring the world to the path of right, but I was out of the path of rectitude, but I was out of the path of virtue! Now, I cannot go on living as I am now. I will continue to do what I can to no one. I believe you will all be shocked when you hear of me, even you should forgive me, I can never do so myself. I am waiting, and cannot despair until all hope is gone."

On the 26th of November she writes:

"Oh, my dear husband, don't say your love for me is dead. It seems like casting me out forever. You must not, you shall not. I was not responsible for those acts, and I tell you it is not all true; I don't know what I did. I am a victim. I am not a sinner. I am not bad. I am not vicious. Think of the past. Oh, don't care if I am a victim. I am virtuous in heart. If I had been a sinner, I did not have the power. As soon as I was free I could not be induced to return to him. I never would receive anything from him in any way. Oh, save me, dear husband, save me and help me save my soul."

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